THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers. — Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET. — THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. — PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845. — WHOLE NO. 1258.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.
TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Months, months have flown,
And gentle spring with all her smiling flowers,
Her low-toned breezes, and her balmy hours,
Hath sped on, on,
Since erst I met thee, erst I heard that voice,
That oft hath bade my spirit to rejoice.

Time's winds have passed,
O'er thee and me since last I saw thee stand,
With brow of light amidst the Sabbath band,
I know, full fast,
To undermine, to chasten and to blight,
To dry those hidden springs, deep, pure and bright,

That have their flow,
From hearts that beat to love, to truth and trust,
I assuted all to the o'ermastering dust,
That binds them low,
Yet born to cherish in each passing breath,
A something that outlasts the frosts of death.

Can I forget?
The winds may waft me o'er the heaving foam,
To shores far distant from my childhood's home,
And yet, and yet,
Thine image shall be fresh to me as when
We parted—ah, I hoped, to meet again.

The palm's deep shade,
The cocoa's breath, the orange grove's perfume,
The lime in rural pride may rear its plume,
Mantling the glade,
And round me pour its bloom in melting showers,
Wafted on dewy wing, midst Indian bowers—

Long years may flow,
And still within my bosom's cherished shrine,
Thy name with memory's garlands shall entwine,
Like flowers that glow,
Deep in some lonely vale, bathing the air,
In sweets, while none may know the charms that linger there.

RAPHAEL'S MADONNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Those features from the canvass beaming,
Melt down the spirit into tears,
Where more than manhood's soul is gleaming
From the dark eye of infant years.
The spirit of a God makes holy,
The tender face of that sweet child;
The proudest heart is by it lowly,
And bends before its glance so mild;
While thou, Oh! pure and virgin mother,
Amid the glory thou hast won,
Can'st not the thought prophetic smother,
That bids thee mourn thy Saviour—Son!

That picture is a hallowed altar
Where every soul must bow in prayer;
The impious tongue must weakly falter,
Ere it speak aught unholy there!
The heart seems every thought revealing,
Before the heavenly infant's look—
The soul that knows no lofty feeling,
Could ill that glance unearthly brook.
Oh, Raphael! did no angel show thee
In dreams, the look the Saviour wore,
That men of after years should know thee,
And human art might do no more?

Dresden, Saxony, May 11, 1845.

Original Nouvellette.

CAROLINE MORGAN.
A Tale of '76.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER VII.

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

James Brenton was not a man easily to be foiled. Fresh from Boston, which city was, as the chief sufferer by Great Britain, the true "Cradle of Liberty," and from which, as the heart of New England, all the popular impulses either directly or indirectly emanated, he had also his own reasons for being much more fixed and zealous in his determinations than his townsmen. They probably were not at all sorry that their old neighbor and former friend, Col. Morgan, had escaped the compliment which had been prepared for him; but Brenton bitterly chafed over the disappointment.

He was early at the Colonel's house on the morning after the discomfiture of the tar and feather party. He found old Jacob busily putting the place on the non-resident establishment, and needed not to inquire, to know that the owner of the mansion had found it expedient to change his residence for a season.

"Where is that old Tory?" he shouted, without dismounting.

"I reckon," said Jacob, "those might know who dragged him from his house last night."

"None of your trifling, you old fool!" answered the exasperated inquirer—"you and Lee have smuggled him off like a pair of traitors, and bitterly shall you rue it! The dose intended for him shall be given to his aiders and abettors. You shall both have a sup from the same bucket, or my name's not James Brenton!"

"Well—I think there's no doubt your name is James," said old Jacob, "for I was a man when you was christened—and your father and mother before you were called Brenton; for I was to the wedding. As to your finding a gang with the right disposition to tar and feather Horace Lee or old Jacob Stiles, either—I reckon you'll have to go out of Woodland to do that, young man!"

"Which road did he take?" said Brenton, after a pause.

"The upper," answered Jacob without hesitation, and as Brenton rode hastily away, the old man looked after him with a smile, which exhibited the few stumps he had to good advantage. Nor did his complacent expression change when Horace Lee, coming out from behind one of the monster lilac bushes, which were a feature of the old garden, said—

"Why, Jake! you're crazy. Did I not just tell you the Colonel *had* taken the upper road?"

"To be sure you did—to be sure. But your tarnally cute fellows, like that Brenton, always take things by contraries. They're so used to lying themselves, that the very truth becomes a lie in their ears, when you tell it to them. Just take my word for it, that Jim Brenton goes down the lower road now, just because I told him the other. Let Jacob Stiles alone for circumventing such fellows. But what can he do to the Colonel, any way, even if he catches him?"

What Brenton might have done, cannot be stated, as old Jacob's straight-forward honesty was too much for the other's art, and the event resulted precisely as our worthy friend predicted. He chased along the lower road an hour or two to no purpose, discovering no trace of the travellers, and then, cursing his own stupidity, as his over-wrought cunning had proved, he wheeled about, and hastened his jaded horse on the return. While he is making his way back we shall take the author's privilege of letting some farther light upon his conduct, than has hitherto been necessary.

Unmixed good or unmixed bad are not found in any party of people; and such is the character of poor erring human nature that even those whom the world deems good patriots have not always such firm, pure and entirely good motives. It is perhaps true that Brenton actually sympathized, and that warmly too, in the public wishes and purposes which the incipient steps of the Revolutionary War were designed to promote or effect; but with all his public interest in the common weal, he had also a "fee grief due to his single breast." Beside the indignity which he had personally suffered at the hands of the soldiers, there was a direct motive which influenced his conduct toward Col. Morgan. He stood in the unlucky relation of a debtor to the old Loyalist; and but for the suspension of the business of the courts and the refusal of Col. M. to recognize the system of arbitration which the Colonists had substituted, the stern sense of justice which actuated the people, would have given decision against him. The people who could, as jurymen, acquit the English soldiers of murder in firing upon the crowd in Boston, who stoned them, would not have failed to render justice even to a Tory in a private question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Brenton was fearful that some compromise, or the conclusion of the existing difficulties might give the Colonel his own, to the impoverishment of his debtor. With this view, not less than others, he had been urgent in his efforts to lead the popular violence against the Colonel, trusting that some turn which matters might take would favor his interest. And while he believed the Colonel to be a trembling fugitive, he expected to compel him into some surrender or postponement of his demand.

When he reached Woodland, he met a new disagreeable. As he rode up to the "Common," which from that day was dignified with the name of "training field," he found the citizens assembled, and a large half line, half knot collected near the spot, where old Jacob was renewing his youth, on the old drum which had served more than one campaign in his hands in the old French and Indian wars. As he rode up the men at the word "Attention!" from Captain Lee, fell in line, and Brenton could ill conceal his chagrin. The corps of "minute men," just organized and officered by election—the "Committee of Safety," just appointed, and other steps taken in conformity with the example of other towns, were measures which Brenton had earnestly advocated the day before. Though long contemplated, the battle of Lexington had caused their consummation—and as the herald of that news, Brenton counted on the Captainship of the Company, and the Chairmanship of the Committee. Lee had without his own solicitation been selected for both—and Brenton haughtily declined all second or minor appointments. He disappeared within the hour from the village; and now, for the present, we have done with him.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARTIAL BEGINNINGS.

"We conjure you, by all that is dear, by all that is sacred, that you will give all assistance possible in forming the army. Our all is at stake. Death and devastation are the certain consequences of delay. Every moment is infinitely precious. An hour lost may deluge your country in blood, and entail perpetual slavery on the few of your posterity who may survive the carnage. We beg and entreat, as you will answer it to your country, to your consciences, and, above all, to God himself, that you will hasten and encourage, by all possible means, the enlistment of men to form the Army, and send them forward to Head Quarters at Cambridge, with that expedition which the vast importance and instant urgency of the case demands."

Such was the language of the circular which the Battle of Lexington called from the Provincial Congress. A copy was sent to every town, and immediate action was in every instance had upon it. Blankets and other necessary equipage were provided, partly by donation, and partly by purchase of householders, who cheerfully gave up their superfluities to furnish the soldiers with necessaries. The women every where industriously plied their wheels, their looms and their needles. A common spirit animated all, young and old. They aimed not to assert rights misunderstood and untried, but to vindicate the possession of privileges which had always been theirs, but of which the arbitrary acts of the British Parliament sought to deprive them. As a specimen of the reasoning which shows that the opposition to the tea tax and stamp act was no mere arbitrary and factious resistance—no scruple simply on account of pennies—we extract the following sentences from town instructions sent to representatives. "We are fully of opinion that no other measures can be come into so salutary as a strict union of all the colonies for the redress of the many grievances the colonies labor under from the acts of Parliament imposing duties on certain articles, for the express end of raising a revenue on the people of the colonies without their consent, *out of which revenue the Governor and other great officers are paid, whereby they are independent of this Province for their support.*" Here was the true reason. The Provinces understood the check which the British Commons held on the British crown; and insisted on their right, as "faithful subjects as any in the King's dominions," to hold a like curb on the delegates of royalty. Evil counsels prevailed with the British rulers—and those who claimed down even to the opening of our story, to be faithful and maltreated subjects, learned very soon to enter a new plea. But we must return to our story.

Throughout New England all was martial bustle. The call of the Provincial Congress was not merely responded to—it had been anticipated. Flushed with the success which attended their efforts in the affair at Lexington, at least forty thousand men were under arms, rising as if by a spontaneous impulse to invest Boston. That city, or at the period of which we write town, then contained less than half that number of inhabitants—and sorely were they feeling all the indignities of a garrison town, and all the distress of a siege.

Woodland was not behind in its quota of men, and Horace Lee of course had the command of the company which was raised in its vicinity. It is not to be supposed that, in the very eye of danger, the women could look unmoved on the preparations for the movement which was to carry away from their midst so many dear ones—exposed to dangers of which the legends of the colony—the narratives of engagements with the Indians, gave them no faint apprehension. Whatever might have been their fears, however, they could no longer resist the stern necessity, nor fail to appreciate it. There was no longer any retreat. The blood shed at Lexington and Concord left no means of farther conducting the contest but at the cannon's mouth. Every body was heart and soul in the work. Man and woman—nerved to the contest and steeled to its consequences by the long discussion which had preceded it—made the business of war the study of their lives. Aged men and those by any other cause prevented from military duty, still served as circumstances directed. A manuscript diary, now in the possession of the writer of this story, shows by its entries, the character of their occupation—

Mem. To ride over to ——— and inquire about those blankets.

Mem. To set ——— in ——— watching the movements of ——— and ——— d——d tories!

Thus in providing for the patriotic, and in watching the suspected, was ample employment found for all the citizens—aye, and for their wives and daughters. Nay, even the clergy participated in the enthusiasm of the day, and few—very few of them inclined to the side of the enemy. This patriotic disposition was encouraged by the Provincial Congress, who recommended that, especially in week day lectures and on other occasions than the Sabbath, "Ministers of the Gospel should adapt their discourses to the times, and explain the nature of civil and religious liberty, and the duties of magistrates and rulers."

Our readers will readily imagine that the belligerent pastor of Woodland needed no persuasion to adapt both his preaching and his prayers to the cause of his country. Horace Lee was his especial favorite, and not improbably his pupil in rebellion. Between them the plan was devised of giving the campaign a religious opening, and Captain Lee's company mustered under arms to listen to a discourse which the parson preached for their especial encouragement, taking for his text "Quit yourselves like men!"

The centre pews were reserved for the soldiers, and old Jacob, who had made a permanent enlistment notwithstanding his years, could not, and did not resist the musical spirit which was in him. While the "speaking fife" held its breath in reverence to the place, Jacob marked the time for the soldiers to march in upon his drum. "It would be a shame," he said, "for young soldiers to fail in taking their pews in good order, as that might lead to a supposition that they could not take a town *like* soldiers!"

Parson Winter did not fail to make his address spirited enough—for as Col. Morgan had designated him, if any body in those days was a "rebel," he was one. Nor did he neglect the instructions of the Congress; and in telling his auditory how they must acquit themselves like men, he went through the whole catalogue of their manly duties, particularly dwelling upon resistance against oppression, and the bequeathment, unimpaired, of their privileges to their children, as their cardinal duties. As he went on he warmed with his subject and became really eloquent. He drew in sombre colors the condition of a people who willingly submitted to oppression, and added shade after shade to the deep turpitude of their cowardly guilt, and the blackness of heart of their tyrants—making the latter harder of heart than Pharoah, and promising the modern Israel as signal a deliverance as visited the ancient people. The deep solemnity of his manner as he invoked judgments on tyrants, received new impressiveness from the gathering of thick clouds without; and as he drew a graphic picture of the trembling monarchs on their thrones, before the wrath of the God of the humble the swaying of the branches of the old trees which overshadowed the house, as the winds increased, and the storm hastened on, made a most effective accompaniment. The crowded meeting house was in a deep shadow, and the presence of the military added an impressive circumstance to the solemnity of the hour.

Distant flashes of lightning ran now like fiery serpents over the deep dark ground of thick clouds, and now in a broad sheet of fire it seemed as if flaming ministers looked in at every aperture, and into every heart and eye. The terrified boys from their seats in the gallery looked straight up to the roof to escape the fearful light of the windows, and shuddered with terror, as though chink and crack between the shingles the fire red lines seemed to mark off the top of the building into one great transparency. Nearer and nearer rolled the thunder, and all the audience sat uneasily, as if by the utmost effort of mental strength forcing their unwilling bodies to remain prisoners. Dr. Winter, as he reached his conclusion, caught new inspiration from the hour. He forgot the carefully written manuscript of his sermon, and heeded not that its leaves were fluttering in the furious gust which now swept in at the window. His usually carefully adjusted bands, and his long white hair danced in the wind—and his voice was raised shrill and clear above the soughing of the trees. At last, furious with enthusiasm, he forgot the preacher in the warrior, and falling upon his knees, screamed rather than supplicated—"Oh! *Lord! If our enemies will fight, let them have fighting enough! If more soldiers are on their way hither, sink them, Oh! Lord! like the hosts of Pharoah, his chariots and his horsemen, to the bottom of the sea!*"*

Crash came a mighty thunder peal, and instant with it the red glare! It seemed as if the whole house-full was for a moment stunned—then all sprung to their feet, and as the audience crowded over each other for the many doors, the liberal provision of exit places which we have before noted was scarce enough. The Woodland Infantry would have followed, but the old campaigner Jacob nothing daunted, astonished the corps into presence of mind by beating a rally upon his drum. And Horace, reminded of his duty as Captain, instantly detached a sergeant and file of men on special duty, as the cry of "Fire!" rose from without, in all the different tones of dread and terror which the voices of men and women and children could raise. The main body of the little company marched out in good order, and found the whole congregation, who had started for their homes, detained without, by mingled curiosity and superstitious awe.

The lightning had struck the steeple. The boarding was stripped off in a long streak, the upper wood work was in flames, and the old weathercock, whirling around in the gusts, looked like a living thing, vainly striving to avoid burning torture, as the tongues of flame shot up an instant, and then swept away in the wind. No man, woman or child in all that crowd dreamed, then of lifting a hand to stay the fire. To offer any obstacle to fire direct from Heaven, was in those days deemed horrible impiety.

Down came a drenching rain—as if indeed the windows of heaven were opened—and thus the fire was quenched, and the people departed well pleased and devoutly gratified, as Parson Winter always said in recounting the circumstance, that "the Lord repented him of the evil."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARCH—A NEW RECRUIT.

We oftener hear in many countries, of the fleeing of the people to the church for refuge in the hour of danger, rather than of their seeking to escape from it. But a very sufficient cause for the haste of the worshippers to get out of the sanctuary, is found in the custom which formerly prevailed in many parts of New England. Churches were not in those days the luxuriously warmed, finished and furnished buildings in which devotion is now comfortably attended to; and the Meeting House was selected for the storage of powder because no fire was carried into that building. The Woodland Meeting House was at this very time thus improved, in one of the porches, and we are not to wonder that people did not like seats in a magazine during a storm of thunder and lightning.

The file of men whom Lee ordered to the duty, bore out the kegs of the precious article at the first alarm, and deposited it in a place of safety. Wonderful was the admiration of all the women at the heroism of men who could dare to take up powder kegs in their hands at such a time, while the building was "actually on fire"—though that fire was at the farthest possible distance from the place where the dangerous commodity was stored. Confident predictions were felt and spoken that such soldiers could not fail to do wonders of heroism in the coming battles of their country. Without admitting the validity of the premises, we are bound as a faithful historian, to say that the prediction proved true. The Woodlanders were always worthy of their faith as Americans and of the good opinions and good wishes of their patriotic townsmen.

The storm had now passed over. A brilliant sun made all cheerful again, and the old trees round the common glistened in green and gold as the now slanting rays fell upon them; and all the people, lesser and larger, moved about with a sort of subdued look of victory, as the Woodland Infantry made preparations for their march. The storm and the escape, seemed to all the first of a series of dangers overcome, and its incidents relieved the gloom which would otherwise have attended the departure of the young men who formed the hope of the township. The camp wagons were continually receiving new packages of "second thoughts" from the hands of the women, until their contents became as miscellaneous as the inhabitants of Noah's ark; and the little negro boy, who had obtained permission to accompany his father, as suttler's assistant, danced round with most officious glee, and with proper pride looked down on the "children" who were to stay at home with the women, and mind the babies. Ah, many a boy who had kicked poor little Cuff, would have readily given his white skin for the little negro's happiness and importance!

All was at length ready. The one fife and Jacob's one drum commenced a lively march, which had a strong suspicion of a psalm tune in it, played with extra spirit. Every villager who could walk went forth to accompany the patriots on a portion of their way; and Horace Lee was supported by the Parson on the one side, and the senior Deacon on the other. The latter did fail to impress upon Lee's mind that he was now assuming the direction of many who were members of the spiritual flock; and that there were others in the company whose hopeful seriousness had augured well for their future lives. He besought him not to forget that beside his duties to his country he had paramount ones to his Maker, and that while he must not let his own thoughts be led astray by the wildness of the camp, he must also have a kind and careful eye upon others.

The good Deacon was much scandalised that the worthy Pastor, who walked on Horace's other hand, did not second the good advice he was giving, but preserved a continual silence. But he was gratified, at the same time to notice the serious air with which Horace seemed to listen to good counsel, while the rank and file of the Woodland military, now that the town had been left behind, indulged in forced jokes and reckless gaiety with the friends who still attended the march. Such conduct was not, the Deacon thought, consonant with that silent fear of God in which so great an enterprise should be undertaken. He rejoiced that Captain Lee was more considerate and sedate, and that he listened with such well beseeming silence to goodly counsel.

Alas for the short-sightedness of human wisdom! The Deacon was sadly mistaken in his apprehension of Horace's silence; for we take it upon us to say that the Captain of the Woodland Infantry did not hear a word of the good advice with which his ears were plied! Every spot which he went over had some souvenir which recalled conversations held with Caroline; and when he dwelt not on the past, his thoughts ran anxiously forward to the future. He wondered much how Caroline now was situated, and whether while in a hostile camp he could by chance have word or message from her; and he puzzled himself to decide in his own mind, whether she had confidence enough in him to interpret aright such of his movements as had fallen under her eye.

Day waned. The friends of the soldiers had dropped off one by one, to return; and as brothers and sisters, and mother and child were separated—some forever—bitter tears were shed—and all the forced gaiety of the friends disappeared.

Still the parson kept by the side of Horace. The Deacon, having said his say, cast uneasy looks at the landmarks on either hand, which showed him how much they were lengthening their walk; but still he felt unwilling to leave the minister, and averse to disturb the meditations which he felt sure would be soon delivered in an admirable exhortation perhaps to Lee only, perhaps to the whole company.

But at last Parson Winter took him—the Deacon—by the hand, and said—"My dear friend and brother—the lateness of the day and the distance you have already come warns you to return. Carry back to my people my farewell and prayers for the happiness, spiritual and temporal, their safety from the perils of war here, and their participations in the joys of heaven hereafter. The Lord bless thee and keep thee, and lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!"

The Deacon looked at his faithful old friend for an explanation of what his words might mean. The Minister resumed:

"I am fully impressed that it is my duty to go down to the camp, and in the name of the Highest I shall go down. The ark of the Lord must be borne in the host of Israel—and who shall bear it but the sons of Levi?"

Not a word did the Deacon answer or object. The two old men embraced, with silent tears, and the Minister was helped to a seat upon the camp equipage. When the company again marched, he looked back, and saw the arms of his old companion and almost colleague, stretched toward the departing soldiers in silent prayer, and thus did he keep his posture of supplication till his figure was left in the distance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* A Fact.

Original Song.

TELL ME OF FLORIDA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
TO MRS. E. P. R.

Lady thou hast been a pilgrim,
In the sunny Southern clime,
Thou hast culled the peerless blossoms
Down her vallies many a time.

Tell me of her waters lighted,
Through the swaying orange boughs,
While some bird in bending beauty,
Through the flood her pathway ploughs.

Or of hearts that keep their valor,
When amid the whirlwind's sweep
Moves the phosphorescent pallor,
Streaming in the stormy deep.

Of the old dismantled fortress,
Frowning by Saint Augustine,
With its wall of shells half hidden,
In a wilderness of green—

Whence of yore the warrior Spaniard,
Hurled upon the Bucanier,
Through the battle's deepening tempest,
Fiery dart and ponderous spear.

Tell me of the stately palm tree,
Towering o'er a world of woods,
Where delicious fruits are teeming,
And the fragrant gum exudes.

Ah! thy spirit is not joyous,
When it wanders silent there,
'Mid those fairy blooms and sunbeams,
Fearful visions start and glare.

Sudden sounds appal thy hearing,
Vengeful forms flit darkly by,
And above a bleeding victim,
Murder whoops resound on high.

Yes beneath the mossy verdure,
Lies thy darling treasure cold,
Flora's mildest breath in music,
O'er him soothingly is rolled.

Light, through emerald, green forever,
Falls upon the peaceful bed,
And the sylphides of the wildwood,
Round his pillow softly tread.

Be not sad, but kindly tell me,
Of the realm where thou hast known,
Light and darkness, joy and gladness,
All that to the past hath flown.

EDWARD.

☞ The Salem (Massachusetts) Register denies that the people of that town forgot the Fourth of July, at any rate so far as the municipal authorities were concerned; for the city crier made public proclamation of the fact that very morning.

Original Tales.

THE CONFESSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"It will soon be daylight; it is useless, therefore, to seek my couch," said Father Francis, as he again bent over the volume, from which he had raised his head to consult the clock. The father was a severe student; and although in the humble situation of Parish priest in a remote village of Bavaria, his name was well known to the world of science. He had been offered more elevated stations, but preferred a lowly home in his native place, to which he was bound, not only by the memories and associations of childhood, but by the tender love he bore his only brother.

The family of Ardfeldt had once been lords of the soil for many a broad league around; and were as much esteemed for their high and chivalrous bearing, as influential for their wealth. The extravagance of some of their ancestors, with the ruinous consequences of the wars which desolated the land, had gradually wasted their rich patrimony. When Ernest Ardfeldt, (the father of my hero) entered upon the possession of his property, he found himself lord of a few uncultivated acres, and a castle fast failing to decay. Unlike any of his predecessors, he was a plain sensible man; he had learnt many bitter but useful lessons of worldliness whilst receiving his education, being the poorest student at the university; and in the vain effort to raise himself in the army as a soldier of fortune. The pride of the Ardfeldts seemed extinguished in him. Instead of seeking a wife amid the dowerless daughters of the poor nobility, he returned to his native place, with a wife chosen for her amiable qualities, and daughter of a wealthy citizen of a neighboring town. With the portion of Madame A—— he built himself a comfortable house, making use of the stone from the old castle, of which he left nothing standing, save a solitary tower, in which he placed such of the family relics as had been preserved, some ancient armor, a few paintings by the hands of masters, and what he most valued, a library rich in illuminated volumes. Every thing prospered under the careful eye of the present possessor. Ernest dropped his title of Count, and desired to be addressed as Master, and his wife as Madame. They grew rich for the place and time, and by degrees Ernest was enabled to re-purchase a large portion of their ancient inheritance. The birth of two noble boys completed their felicity. As his children grew up, the pride of rank which had slumbered in the bosom of Ernest, was gradually rekindled. As he gazed on the lofty intellectual countenance of his eldest son, or listened to the words of wisdom and truth rendered more lovely from the youthful grace of the speaker, he felt so noble a being, deserved a higher station than that of the wealthiest person in a paltry village. He bestowed on Francis every advantage of education, sent him to the university of Ingolstadt, from which he returned, bearing with him the highest testimonials of talents and moral excellence, and prizes in several of the more abstruse branches of science, to the intimate delight of his father, who beheld in him a Count of Ardfeldt, far surpassing any of his predecessors.

Herr Ardfeldt toiled more busily than ever in the accumulation of wealth, since he wished with the restoration of the title of Count, to place Francis above all necessity of labor. Madame A—— readily sympathized in the wishes of her husband, whose judgment she considered infallible. No feeling of pride was awakened in the bosom of Ernest towards his youngest son. Rudolph, like his brother, was remarkably handsome, but careless of study, wild and noisy, the merriest dancer, the best hunter, surest fisher, in short the pride of the village beloved by young and old, all welcomed kindly one whose ready hand and warm heart made him on every occasion an active friend. To his parents only (absorbed in their eldest born) Rudolph was not an object of interest. One trait was strongly shared by the brothers, a passionate love for each other. Although Rudolph saw with regret the devotion of their parents to Francis, yet no evil feeling towards his brother was awakened in a mind naturally generous and open.

When the young men had attained the ages of twenty and eighteen, a fair guest took up her abode with their parents. Clara S—— was the daughter of a distant relative of Madame Ardfeldt. At his death, he bequeathed his only child, the inheritress of a large fortune, to the care of the Ardfeldts. She had remained at the convent, where her father had placed her, until her education was completed, and now in the bloom of sixteen, presented herself to the admiring gaze of the young Ardfeldts, both of whom saw her but to love, Francis with that silent burning happiness, natural to one whose feelings were too deep and sacred to be easily given up to the scrutiny of others. Rudolph with the ardor and self abandonment that characterized him. Ere Clara had been many months in the house he had told his love to her; and found that his suit was well received. As yet neither dared avow this, their youth rendered it improper, and they agreed to suffer two years to elapse before they asked the consent of the elder Ardfeldts to the union. This was the first concealment Rudolph had ever practised towards Francis. In spite of the slight difference in their years, Rudolph stood in considerable awe of the wisdom and strict principles of his brother; he knew that Francis would urge upon him as a duty an instant confession to his parents, which at present he wished to avoid.

Although it was evidently the intention of the Ardfeldts to bestow Clara on one of their sons, they made no objection to other young men paying court to her, thinking probably there was little chance of the success of any other than their favorite Francis, whose kind and graceful attentions were received with openly avowed pleasure and gratitude. They were too much blinded by their own partiality to mark the true meaning of Clara's different manner to the brothers. Whilst she frankly accepted, nay called upon Francis for such aid or counsel as a brother might bestow, she shrank blushing and trembling from the slightest look or touch of Rudolph. Yet she would wander away with the latter for hours exploring his favorite haunts in the mountains, or float with him in a tiny shallop on the lake, singing to his flute until the shades of evening warned them to return.

In the mean time Francis spent many hours each day in the study of his favorite science, astronomy, and often at a late hour of the night, his lamp glimmering from the loop holes of the old tower would cause the benighted peasant to cross himself in terror, and breathe a prayer for the repose of the old lords of the castle. The young student earnestly wished to engage his brother and Clara in his pursuits, but in vain he pointed out the glorious assemblage of stars, as subjects of study; they admired the radiant beauty of those worlds of light, and adored their great Creator, but they forgot every lesson in the course of twenty-four hours. Rudolph saw no stars so bright as the eyes of Clara, and after a few attempts Francis gave up the idea of making astronomers of them.

Among the many admirers of Clara was one whose attentions took the form of persecution, from which she was glad to escape by remaining within doors unless she had the protection of one of the Ardfeldts. This young man was named Lewis Arnold; his father who was immensely wealthy, resided in the mountains, at some distance from the village of F——l. The appearance of Lewis was rather prepossessing, but there was a sinister expression in his eye that told the keen observer a tale of evil passion, secretly indulged, and showed that his apparently frank and careless manner was assumed to hide his really dangerous qualities. He first met Clara at a village fete, and paid that homage to her beauty she was accustomed to receive from all the young men that approached her. He sought a more intimate acquaintance, which Clara determinedly shunned; this he attributed to coquetry. He felt a real passion for Clara, and his vanity was piqued by her unconcealed dislike. He set himself to overcome this feeling. In the various interviews he contrived, he informed her that many a fair girl would be rejoiced to accept the heart she scorned; he told her of his father's wealth of which he was the sole heir, but which he only valued as it made him more worthy of her. All was in vain, Clara remained unmoved; and Lewis vowed vengeance on the proud beauty whom he both loved and hated.

The two years of probation which Rudolph and Clara had decided to endure were drawing to a close, when one evening as Francis left the old tower, he was startled by a shriek which seemed to proceed from the lake. He sprang rapidly down the bank, and beheld a man endeavoring to force a female into a boat; she struggled wildly, and as he approached he heard the voice of Clara, who in tones of mingled agony and hope exclaimed, "Francis, Francis, save me!" He was at her side in an instant, a blow from his powerful arm levelled her assaulter with the earth; and catching up the fainting girl, he hurried with her to the tower. She recovered to find him kneeling at her feet, and to hear the most tender expressions of affections lavished upon her. His lustrous eyes, lighted with the passion which filled his whole being, were fastened on her face, and Clara shuddered as she felt the frightful position in which she was placed, beloved by both brothers.

Francis was terrified when he beheld the ghastly paleness that overspread her face, and heard her choking sobs. Blaming himself for his cruel precipitancy, he soothed her in the tenderest manner. He besought her forgiveness for intruding his passion at such a moment, but said the danger from which she had just escaped had made it impossible for him longer to keep silent, it proved how much she needed a protector. Clara's agony increased, and Francis, although surprised at her conduct, yet attributing it to the alarm she had sustained, addressed himself to calm her agitation, and after a time succeeded. When her composure was somewhat restored, she took the offered arm of Francis, and slowly proceeded to the house. The agitated appearance of both called for explanation. When it was given, nothing could exceed the fury of Rudolph; starting to his feet he swore the wretch should die; and demanded of Clara in the tone of one who has a right to ask, the name of the villain. For a moment the terrified girl hesitated, but the bitter question of Rudolph, "Would you save him?" brought the blood to her cheek, and she named Lewis Arnold. Rudolph snatched down his sword, and ere any one could interfere left the house. Clara's look of agony as he vanished touched Francis to the heart, and he instantly followed his brother.

The scene had passed so rapidly, that neither Ardfeldt or his wife had time to speak. The father now turned on Clara a troubled look. "You doubtless know our son loves you; we will put an end to these efforts on the part of others to divide you. In a few days you will be eighteen, on your birth day we will give you to a husband capable of protecting you." Clara listened with glowing cheek and downcast eyes. She then knelt before her guardian, who kissed and blessed her. Old Ardfeldt raised and pressed her to his heart. With a smile he then said, "You shall yet be a countess, fair Clara. Francis has resisted my entreaties to resume our ancient title and seek a situation at court but when you are his wife you will join your influence to mine, and we will triumph; he may resist his father, but you will be all powerful." As he spoke he felt the head of Clara sink upon his bosom; he bent to look at her and found she had fainted; attributing this to the agitating scenes she had passed through, he bore her to her room and left her to the care of his wife.

Meanwhile Francis had reached the lake in pursuit of his brother. There was no boat, and he felt certain both must have crossed, as it was the nearest way to Arnold's house. The lake was narrow at this point and Francis, who was an excellent swimmer, threw off part of his dress, and plunging in soon reached the opposite side. On landing he paused to listen, he thought he heard the sound of voices in dispute; suddenly the clash of swords reached his ear; guided by the sound he hastened forward. The mountain at whose base the lake lay, had cast a deep shadow over his place of landing, but when he gained the more open country, the rising moon threw its soft radiance over the scene, and discovered to his anxious eyes, those whom he sought, engaged in mortal strife. Hastening his steps he shouted to them to desist. Before he could reach them one of the combatants fell heavily to the earth, and the other planting his foot on his breast, held his sword to his throat.

A momentary glance relieved the heart of Francis of a sensation of sickly horror, as he recognized in the victor the stately form of his brother. He advanced to his side, and paused in surprise at the vindictive tones of Rudolph, "Swear!" he exclaimed in accents hoarse with passion, "that you will never again dare even to look upon her! swear or you die." The fallen man uttered some indistinct words, when Rudolph withdrew his foot and suffered him to rise. He appeared to be wounded for his dress was stained with blood in several places, and he sought languidly for his weapon which had fallen amid the grass, and having found it he slowly retired. As Rudolph turned from observing Lewis he first perceived his brother, and in an angry voice asked what brought him there?

"I followed you at Clara's request," replied Francis.

"Indeed," said Rudolph.

"Yes, indeed, she was too much frightened by your abrupt departure, to make the request in words, through her eyes alone I knew her wishes."

"Are you so well acquainted with the language of her eyes?" fiercely inquired Rudolph.

"Why do you speak thus to me?" said Francis mildly. "What have I done to awaken such angry tones and inquiries? Are we not the same brothers we have ever been, loving truly, willing to die for each other?"

"Ah! just Heaven! Yes!" cried Rudolph wildly, throwing himself into Francis' arms, "Let all else perish, so this love does not pass away. Oh! my brother!"

"Cheer up, noble heart," said Francis, clasping his arms around him. "Tell me what has disturbed thy fine spirit; keep no secrets from me, thou shalt find Francis can act as well as profess: never doubt my love."

As these two noble beings stood clasped in each others arms, it would have required some moments observation ere a stranger could have detected the slightest difference between them. Both exceeded the common stature of men, but the form of Rudolph was much more athletic, his cheek browner, and his forehead less lofty and intellectual than his brother's. Both had the same rich brown curls, the same full dark grey eyes, from which their honest souls looked forth in scorn of all things base, and in sympathy with all things just and excellent. The same fine formed lips covered teeth of pearly whiteness, but where the merry Rudolph laughed, his graver brother only smiled.

They stood, I have said, clasped in each others arms. And whilst his soul was on fire with recent wrongs, Rudolph poured into the ears of his brother, a list of grievous injuries. He said he had seen the affections of his parents, which had been equally shared between them in childhood, withdrawn from him to be given entirely to his brother. He acknowledged Francis deserved all love, all preference, that he was his superior, but God had made the difference, and how unjust to withhold every mark of affection from him. Then he spoke lower and whispered to his agonized listener his passion for Clara, and how fully it was returned. For a moment the arms of Francis relaxed their grasp, and he could have cried aloud, "Oh! spare me this!" In the next moment he folded Rudolph more closely to him, and felt thankful that the agitation of the speaker prevented his own from being observed. Rudolph had lately discovered from his mother that Clara was intended for Francis. "And you do not even love her: was there ever such mad partiality. However I know you too well to suppose you would marry a woman who is attached to another; this last evil I feel certain you can remedy."

"You are right," answered Francis. "The happiness of Clara and yourself is dearer to me than my own. Had you earlier confided in me, my duty might have been easier; but fear not, all will go well. Let us return home, our long absence will distress our parents."

They entered the house together, the old people were waiting for them. They looked with alarm at their favorite, as they marked the marble whiteness of cheek and brow; his eyes were hollow and heavy to their eager inquiries; he spoke of remaining up too late night after night, and promised to amend this fault. Old Ardfeldt questioned Rudolph concerning his rencontre with Arnold, and reproved him for his precipitancy. Francis then advanced to his parents, and drawing his brother along with him, knelt at their feet and besought their blessing on both; their hearts were melted, and they gave it with tears. Ere they parted for the night, Francis tenderly embraced his brother, and whispered in a tremulous voice, "You shall yet be happy, dear Rudolph." For many a year that look so full of trouble and affection, and the tone which sounded like the last sigh of a broken heart, haunted Rudolph.

In the morning the apartment of Francis was tenantless. A few lines were left for his father, promising that ere long he would write to them again.

When some months had elapsed, a letter was received from Francis, in which he announced his intention of studying for the Priesthood; he promised his parents he would see them again; said that a life of learned seclusion alone suited him. He entreated their pardon for the abrupt manner in which he had left them, and trusted to the tender love they had ever shown him that it would be granted. He said that for some years they would not hear from him, but he had the means of knowing how they prospered. To his brother and Clara, he sent the most affectionate messages, and besought his parents to make them happy by uniting them to each other. The aged Ardfeldts wept and wondered. Francis had been so beloved and trusted—how strange his conduct. Absent or present, however, his wishes were laws to these tender parents, and they gave a willing assent to the proposed union.

Neither Rudolph or Clara, for a time felt perfectly happy, each had a secret they could not confide to the other. Rudolph felt that his complaints of his fate had driven his brother from his home; and Clara often thought of the scene in the tower, and breathed a sigh of pity for the self exiled.

Seven years had passed away when it was announced that a new Priest was to take the charge of the village, the infirmities of the old pastor rendering him incapable of attending any longer to the duties of his station. It was rumored that the new incumbent was a man of wonderful learning, who chose this retired situation because its duties were few, and suited one who read and wrote more than he prayed. The Ardfeldts were much interested in all they heard of the new Priest; a mysterious anxiety, for which they could not account, took possession of their minds. Rudolph and his father determined to satisfy their curiosity, by an early visit. While discussing the subject on the evening of the Priest's arrival, the door of the room gently opened, and a graceful delicate looking stranger advanced a few steps, saying with a voice and smile of exquisite sweetness, "Here at least I may enter without knocking."

One look was sufficient. His mother tottered forward, and sunk on his bosom. His father clasped one hand and Rudolph the other; and Clara taking by the hand her son and daughter, knelt with them at their uncle's feet. That evening they were the happiest family in Bavaria.

The old people were most blest in their son, whose gentle counsel supported their declining days. Three years after his return he laid them in the family tomb of the Ardfeldts, having seen all they possessed settled on Rudolph. The opening of my tale presents father Francis in his study, a year after the death of his parents. He often spent whole nights there that he might not defraud the poor of his time during the day. He turned his eyes on his book, but the chain was broken, and his mind wandered away to the scenes of his youth. Sorrow and stormy passions, though now subdued to perfect tranquility, had not passed o'er his brow unmarked, and at thirty-five he looked full ten years older. He felt how youthful and blooming the handsome form and face of his brother remained under the influence of domestic happiness; he looked into his own heart, and sought to know if ever he had repented what he had done for Rudolph. He calmly and conscientiously answered, "No!" He spoke aloud, and at the moment some one tapped at his door; he bade them enter, and his servant advancing, informed him that a stranger had disturbed his repose at this unseasonable hour, and desired an instant audience. "I will receive him," said the father.

A heavy tread was heard on the stairs, and a course stout man presented himself. The father motioned him to a chair which he refused, and advancing, knelt at the feet of the Priest, declaring he sought absolution for a deed of guilt lately done.

"Do you truly repent your sins," asked the father.

"Truly yes, or I should not seek you," was the reply in a tone of levity which was instantly rebuked by Francis. Shading his face with his hand, the man remained silent, as if afraid to begin.

"I deeply regret," said father Francis, "that our peaceful village should be disturbed by crime. What is the nature of your guilt? What evil deed have you done?"

"Murder!" answered the man at the same moment withdrawing his hand, and looking firmly in the face of the Priest.

An expression of horror and disgust darkened the noble features of Francis. He gazed earnestly on his penitent, and felt certain this was not their first meeting. After a pause, the man continued—

"Father, I know the secrets of the confessional are as those of the grave, and that you are bound to listen to what I say; else I believe, for I read your thoughts in your face, that you would spurn me hence, or drag me to justice. But my crime was not without provocation."

"Do not add to your guilt," said the father sternly, "by seeking for palliatives. You have deprived a fellow being of life—have sent unprepared a spirit to its awful account; tears and the deepest self abasement better become you than the tone of bravado you assume. Who is the unfortunate being thus hurried into eternity?"

"Hear my story father ere you ask his name. Many years ago, the man who this night fell by my hand, inflicted on me the deepest injury. Through his means I became a wandering outcast, without ties or kindred: where I might have been beloved and honored, I was abhorred. I swore the deadliest vengeance on him and all connected with him; for all he loved was equally my enemies, and objects of my hate! this night my vow is in part fulfilled. You will understand its full import by to-morrow."

"Do you juggle with me?" said father Francis, rising from his seat, whilst the blood rushed in burning torrents over his usually pallid brow, and an expression of agony distorted his fine features. "Who is your victim? Lewis Arnold I know you!"

The wretch arose with a smile of triumph, and whispered a word in the father's ear; that word seemed winged with death. The form of Francis fell to the floor as if struck by lightning. When he awoke to consciousness the day was breaking. He raised himself slowly from the floor, with the air of one who expects to see some fearful sight. All was quiet in the room; the lamp was gleaming faintly ere it expired.

"It was a dream," he murmured, "A frightful dream. These long vigils will destroy me; nature requires rest." At this moment a violent knocking was heard at his gate, and loud cries for instant admission. He shuddered violently. After a short time spent in devotion, he adjusted his dress and opened the door. His servant met him with a face pale with terror. He commenced speaking, but Francis put him aside and sought the messenger he so well divined came from Clara. The man entreated his instant presence at the farm.

Mounting the horse which had been brought for him, he rode rapidly on. The distance was short, but it was sufficient in point of time to make him acquainted with all the servant knew, which alas! fell far short of his own horrid certainty. His master, he said, had left home the previous day, to visit a neighboring town for the purpose of receiving money due to him. They had not expected his return that night; apparently he had changed his mind, for the servant who first opened the door in the morning, found Rudolph's horse standing at it. The saddle was away, and stained with blood. The alarm was instantly spread through the family. The domestics and tenants were searching the wood, while he had been despatched to bring father Francis. "We all fear," said the man, "that my poor master has been murdered for his money."

Francis made no reply, and the servant continued—

"But my lady will not hear of it; she insists he has been thrown from his horse, and we can scarcely prevent her from seeking him in the wood herself. Indeed her cries and tears are most pitiful." At this moment wild shrieks were heard from the house, and Clara appeared at the door struggling in the arms of her attendants, her beautiful hair unbound, and falling nearly to her feet, madness in her eyes, and every gesture expressive of despair.

Francis sprung from his horse and hastened to her, her attendants relaxed their hold, and she threw herself at his feet, and in the wildest agony entreated him to save her Rudolph. "You are his guardian angel, Francis! save him! save him!" Francis tenderly raised and endeavored to soothe her, but his efforts were fruitless. She answered him by cries of agony, or entreaties to seek her husband, at length unable to endure the agonies of her mind, she fell into long and repeated swoons, in which condition Francis left her to the care of the physician, and joined in the search for his brother.

But that search was vain, no trace of Rudolph was found, and in addition to the misery caused by his death, his brother wept to think that the decent offices, due to the dead, could not be performed for that beloved one. No pen can describe the agony of mind endured by Francis; he had loved Rudolph with a tenderness which was immeasurably increased by the sacrifices he had made for him. And now life held nothing dear, whole nights he spent in prayer for the repose of Rudolph's spirit, until his own frail and emaciated form seemed scarce of earth. Clara long hovered between life and death, at length she partially recovered her health, but her cheerfulness was gone forever. Her children were doubly dear to her, and she devoted herself to their instruction, in which she was skilfully aided by their uncle. Francis would willingly have resigned life, but he knew this feeling was sinful, and struggled against it as a snare set for his feet. He redoubled his exertions for others, and in time this brought some reward, his mind became comparatively tranquil.

One morning about a twelvemonth after Rudolph's death, as father Francis concluded the mass in his chapel, his eye fell upon one in his congregation whose presence transfixed him with horror. It was the murderer of Rudolph, who was watching, with demoniac pleasure, the pale face and attenuated form of his other victim. Francis crossed himself devoutly, and seeking his private oratory endeavored by many hours of prayer, to relieve his mind of the bitter feelings the sight of this man had called up.

In the course of the day he learned something of the past history of Arnold. After the marriage of Rudolph and Clara, he had become so wild and worthless, that his father, a stern though just man, at length drove him from his house, and adopted a nephew in his place. The course of Arnold was not easily traced. But it appeared he had been a soldier, some said a bandit. It was believed he had never once visited his native place until the day before; when the sudden death of his cousin had placed him in possession of his paternal home. His father had been dead many years. All thought it augured well for Arnold's future life, that his first visit should be to the chapel. Father Francis was better acquainted with some of Arnold's movements and motives than those around him.

From this moment a persecution commenced against Father Francis, which rendered his life unutterably miserable. Secure that his secret was only known where most he wished it to rankle, Lewis Arnold took a devilish pleasure in presenting himself perpetually to the unfortunate Francis. He could not leave his home without meeting this man, so that to avoid this hateful sight, he was obliged to walk with his eyes constantly bent on the earth, even then the wretch would pass him and speak, asking his blessing in a voice of mockery. Francis felt that this was wearing him rapidly to the grave. To increase his distress he found that his hideous enemy was paying assiduous court to the Widow Ardfeldt. And although Clara had forbidden him her presence, he continued to persecute her with letters until she also was rendered completely wretched.

One evening Father Francis mounted his horse to visit a sick friend in a neighboring village. His road lay through the wood in which his unhappy brother had met his fate. As Francis entered the shade of the forest, the evening closed around him, wrapping every thing in gloom. But the road was familiar from childhood, and he knew the moon would light the scene ere long. Suddenly he was aware that a horseman had joined him, and the hateful voice of Lewis Arnold wished him a good evening. Francis made no reply, but increased the speed of his horse. His companion did the same. The father drew his rein. "Man of blood," he cried, "depart and leave me in peace; your presence is that of a spirit of evil."

"Ha!" shouted Arnold, "is is so indeed? My hate is then in some measure satiated; but we part not yet. I have ridden here purposely to have speech with you."

"Do you seek my life," said Francis.

"No! you are dying by inches. I do not wish to see you released before your time. Had you not been a priest, my dagger had long since have drank your blood."

What injury have I ever done you?" enquired Francis. "Our paths were always wide apart, in youth I scarce knew you."

"Do you ask how you injured me?" shrieked Arnold, and the pale face of the Cavalier grew, once in a few hours, the ghastly hue of death. "Ask of the gods of hell what injury can be greater than that and double, double toil and trouble? But I will have forgotten my chief purpose in coming, if I have not spoken one word of love to you. Yet that is the spot where we are most sensible. I cannot, I dare not speak. Come, or I must—"

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Thomas Lee, Esquire, formerly of Lee Castle, Ireland, to be answer at his office.

Of Thomas Lemmon, formerly of Fayetteville, Pa., do. do.

Of Franklin Lee, Paper Carrier, formerly of Beech Creek, Pennsylvania, do. do.

Of R. D. Carey, formerly of Honey Creek, Indiana, do. Of Henry H. Hart, Merchant of Hamburg, Germany.

Of Dr. R. Dinnes, formerly of Charlottesville, N. York, do. do.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In lieu of talking about matters and things in general, to-day, as they present no very urgent claim, we will commence a tale of deep import—a theme which will please and profit our lady readers and tender maidens—particularly the romantic and sentimental ones. And we are prompted to this by a recently penned little reminder.

A correspondent—who must be a lady, for the handwriting is delicate, and of course, writes in a genteel epistolean, because we do not publish more trashiness, right from simple and sincere, good old-fashioned love stories. Now, we are free to confess we never could tell what the word "love story" is—never could see the hardest thing to do, for the editor of a newspaper can be called upon for. It is enough to get hold of silly twaddle, which disgusts every sensible person who has a taste, but to find a master passion delicately, skillfully and wittily portrayed and described, would be a discovery almost equal to that of the golden shiny, and quite equal to that of the magnet.

At the very threshold of the business—before the waters of a love story commence to depart forever, and describe the character, developments, symptoms and termination of that malady, the inquiry runs—What is this Love? It should not be a mortal ailment, for Shakspeare saith, "Men have died from time to time—and women have eaten them—but not for love."

What is Love? Spencer, who should be authority, says, referring to it as "Hymn in Honor of Love," defineth it, "Life's End"—"Life's Well"—"Life's Reward"—a "Celestial Harmony"—a "Powerful Charm." But as no effort to be true to the winged god, be saith of Love, in another place,

> "For every fruition of fancy cherein found,
> A pound of grief doth sorrow it abound."

From the above, the conclusion (to borrow a mercantile phrase) is that love is very much like a bowl of punch. This position is strengthened by a line in the ancient ballad of "Sir Cauline,"

> "Love is a madness and a sickness."

Then with a dash of the "spirit" which love should never lack; and water, which all lovers have found necessary to the mixture, who wrote the Hebrew down to modern lovers, whose eye only, swim in salt, and hence the mixture is complete.

Will Shakspeare's tottone upon *La Belle Femme* are equally various and contradictory. In one place Cupid is on species of mere sentiment

> "As in the sweetest bud,
> The eating canker dwells, so eating love
> Inhabits in the finest wits of all."

In another—

> "Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs"

Tolerably apt this latter. *Match* making always genders smoke—and Cupid's laboratory abounds with it. Cupid a chemist! Let the scorers be voted fashionable forthwith.

> "To love
> Is to be all made of sighs and tears."

It certainly cannot then, be a staple manufacture, but a *fancy article*. "Sighs and tears" must be a windy fabric. Here is a recipe for hard times

> "Break your face, dine, sup and sleep,
> Watch, pray, and starve, and be turned to nought
> And all for love."

Very apropos for those whom stagnation in business has thrown out of employment, or whose employment is rendered unproductive. Listen to knavery sons and daughters of men, in proportion as you watch and pray, you become nonentities. Shakspeare, for as we have already seen, "that is a fancy which admits of no qualities but those of love" and hard times work their own cure.

> "Oh, loving love! oh, loving love!
> Oh, my head! nothing free crazier!
> Oh, heavy lightness! serious vanity!
> Oh, wild madness! sad wisdom! well-fare, sick health!
> Still waking sleep!"

There you have a budget of contradictions. Our dictionary of the passions, resembles somewhat a "dictionary of quotations," but in these matters it is better that we quote authorities than while from own experience, unless, indeed, like Grant Thorburn, he can tell a tale of mollifying iron, and wonders a heart at the eater Indian destruction sails, and sailing the stratosphere at his ascended.

> "Young men's love lies
> Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes"—

How doubly blest then, those who wear spectacles! But one of Balzac's Tales, and Balzac is authority, (for love illicit if no other!)—would seem, to disprove this assertion. A blind man falls in love, (who could blame for falling?) and the object of his passion by assiduity, and the assistance of some of the faculty, restores his sight. The first he beholds with his eyes is his wife, a somebody more beautiful than the devoted girl, and she relinquishes her claim, and Cupid is foiled. His new flame—for everything seems to be a virago—he goes to the wars to escape war at home. His wife dies, but to allay his gratification at such an event, he loses his eyes again. Again his first love helps him in his darkness, and overlooking past events, they are married. But she had never read Shakspeare, or if she had, did not believe that love lies at her husband's eyes, she took care not to restore them a second time.

The sentence was altered, to read

> "Young men's love lies
> Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes"—

Now doubly blest then, those who wear specta. But one of Balzac's Tales, and Balzac is authority, (for love illicit if no other!)—would seem, to disprove this assertion. A blind man falls in love, (who could blame for falling?) and the object of his passion by assiduity, and the assistance of some of the faculty, restores his sight. The first he beholds with his eyes is his wife, a somebody more beautiful than the devoted girl, and she relinquishes her claim, and Cupid is foiled. His new flame—for everything seems to be a virago—he goes to the wars to escape war at home. His wife dies, but to allay his gratification at such an event, he loses his eyes again. Again his first love helps him in his darkness, and overlooking past events, they are married. But she had never read Shakspeare, or if she had, did not believe that love lies at her husband's eyes, she took care not to restore them a second time.

The sentence was altered, to read

> "Young men's love lies
> Not truly in their hearts, but in their tongues"—

The reverse may be the last half of creation, but the world should consider giving the last word as fine first a different signification from that intended by the author. For when

> "Tongues the very heart of love,"

is not the lot of the parties, the *bond* is broken, and a suit for breach of promise follows. The damsel, may, the swain admit, with Desdemona, that

> "Love is a sickness full of woes,
> All remedies refusing,"

While the fair, who after being cured, has in turn been a suitor, and a successful one, demurs to the solution of her question propounded at last, by declaring a something indefinable! John Lyly, a contemporary of the great dramatist thus described love.

> "A heart full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pleasure full of pensiveness,
> What manifold thoughts have eyes, and hearts ears;
> Scorned by subtle, wooed by jealousy,
> Kissed by dissembling, bought by
> Women's favors."

Very pretty, that, but what a pity that nobody can remember it! Cupid—the world—How is Art in love? and how does it affect thee? Is it true that

> "Who he loves's handsome is true Darcy"?

But you fall in love as Leander did onto the Hellespont, fight your way into the good graces of your lady like the Knights of old, or as Romeo was you led on, drawn in, or did you, like the toughts alone referred to dogs how till you believed in the reality? In love a cause of incongruities. A distinguished writer, in speaking of the Monsoon on Cupid's wings, so can you in love as a matter of course, because it is poetical.

Cupid has been painted blind—a palpable error, he should be supposed to see—open eyes, for he makes people eap mere which without his aid would not be discernible. Many so enamoured have done things, which in their sober senses, of the idol which he worships, as the first discovery of her perfection; and many a matrimonial Mas would regret the addresses of her admirer, if she would weigh his real worth against his pretensions.

EARLY FROST.

The Boston Transcript states that in Providence and vicinity there was a frost on Thursday of last week. This is rather early for such a visitor.

THE PAST--THE FUTURE.

> "There on's youth Time to Thomas Heaven,
> "Whatever I forget, you know—"
> "But you'll remember me—"

The reader will probably ponder over the above, and if he be a lover of Shakspeare, he will at once remember the speaker and the circumstances under which the remark was made. Shakspeare has been lauded by Coleridge as the greatest of human intellects, and by Hazlitt as the "glory of the human mind." Then he must be considered as the greatest of human intellects, and something kindly learned, such as the lovers of the bard would be upon the shoulders of the gods and the back of the lion of the desert, glaten. There is many truth in this notion that Shakspeare is dead—speaking generally supposed that it is true—for he certainly inherits from it sort of antiquity to cheat the worms of their resting places. But to the antiquarian the *present* is a theme for study—the present only inducers those to whom "glory" is a reward, and who, in the midst of contemporaries

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Notices of New Works.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY. *By Thomas Arnold, D. D. With Notes, by Henry Reed, M. A. Professor of History and Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is one of the most valuable books which has issued from the teeming presses of the United States. Prepared originally for this edition a Preface and Notes, and adopted it as a text book for Colleges. His editorship has materially enhanced its practical value.

Of the original it is hardly necessary to speak. We can only recommend it as the work of a lady who is well versed in history with pleasure and profit; and who desires to learn how to read and Christianize Philosophy from the narrative of events. The style is pure, and the sentiments elevated; and we must also remark that Dr. Arnold the author did not survive to complete a work which he has thus commenced. It is, however, complete as an introduction, and furnish a good basis for study. We will preserve the minds of historical students from the false philosophy of ascribing to human events, which forgets that there is a God in the world—substitutes the caprice for the wise and over-ruling providence of God in chance. It is a volume which cannot be too highly commended.

THE HOME OF WEALTH. *Our neighbor V. B. Palmer*, the Advertising and Subscription Agent, has moved a few doors below his old stand—The Family, or a well laid Plan for Business Men, who would be Men of Business; wherein is set forth and explained a good method of procuring good customers, by good management, and by good conduct, and the use of good means, assuming good fortune, all in good time." The pamphlet contains also a selection of very valuable statistics. The author has brought together a great amount of really good matter. We need hardly say that an important share of advertising will be given to—subscribe! The newspaper is the true Lamp of Aladin.

BLACKWOOD, *for August*, has been received from *Zadoc & Co.* The leading paper in which will be found exceedingly interesting, at the present time, while the question of the infliction of capital punishment is attracting so much attention, is that on Old Ebony takes the old fashioned views of the subject; and in vindication of the right and necessity of the infliction appears well as ably. But Peace Lecturalists will be startled at the position that punishment is not of crime. Deprivation that is to deter others—a ground very loosely hinted, if not absolutely sanctioned. The number is altogether an average one.

THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER. *Philadelphia: Parrett & Co.* This is a translation of the German of Caroline Fichte, and in the second of a series of German Romances, translated by Mrs. Austin. We are pleased to learn that *Parrett & Co.*, are doing themselves credit by publishing in a neat and cheap form, many fresh good books, and we hope they will continue to do so. Books are made with an eye to their moral character, as well as to their mechanical execution. The "Light to a Path" narrative" too much care cannot be taken to avoid the bad and keep.

NEW SURGICAL WORK. *Professor Stuart, of Andover*, has in press a volume entitled "A Critical History and Defence of the Canon of the Old Testament." The first part of the work is to show that our Saviour and his Apostles constantly recognized all the books of the Canon of books of the Old Testament, *the identical books* which we now find in our Bibles.

HARPER'S BIBLE. No. 37 of this work has been published, bringing the volume near the close of the Apocrypha. The paper, type, &c., of this work are of the best type that the trade, but still beautifully clean and legible; and the whole execution of the work is creditable to the enterprising house that has undertaken it. *Zadoc & Co., of Lansdowg & Blackstone*, and *T. B. Peterson.*

LIBRARY OF MEDICINE. Last, published in this city by Carey & Co., containing the laws of genders, as one of the best publications of the kind that has issued from the British Periodicals, we have in this work something kind for all parties, and adapted to all classes. It must be had of *T. B. Peterson*, No. 98 Chestnut street.

CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT. *New York. Robert Carter. Philadelphia: Parrett & Co.* Printed. This is a reprint of a devotional work from the fourteenth century, and it is said in thought—full of charity and that gentle piety which teaches love to God and to all his creatures.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. Nos 63 and 64 of the beautiful series have been issued by *Harper & Brothers*, and we are under by *Lansdowg & Blackstone* and *T. B. Peterson.*

THE YOUTH SLAVE, or, THE RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL, at the top of No. 64 of Harpers' Library of Select Novels. This is a reprint by *Lansdowg & Blackstone* and *T. B. Peterson.*

THE MEMOIRS OF A BARBADIAN PRINCESS, is the title of a beautiful work now publishing in Smith's Weekly Volume.

Casualties.

☞ In Meadon, St. Joseph's country, Michigan, recently, Mr. Wm. Simpson fell upon a threshing machine, when he was instantly killed. His body was drawn into the machine and crushed to atoms, so that not a piece of either was left as large as a man's thumb. *Ampersand Gazette.*

☞ In Cincinnati, on the 7th inst., Mr. Robert Carter died in a few hours. Another man of the name of Upham, in Burr Oak, in the same county, was also recently killed in the same way.

☞ The St. Charles (Mo.) Advertiser states that the house of Dr. Thompson, of that town, was struck by lightning on the 16th ult. and a man named Freeman instantly killed.

☞ A. M. Adams, aged about 21 years, was killed by lightning in Saco, (Me.) on Wednesday of last week.

Army & Navy.

☞ At the last accounts from St. Louis, a regiment of volunteers, for active military service in the event of hostilities with Mexico, under Major U. U. Stahe was being raised in that city. Several of the regiments organized in the interior of the city, and the adjoining counties, were moving in the direction, and some had been given that volunteers could enrol themselves in the ranks of the new regiments, and the regiment embraced six or eight hundred men. Went Gen. Lee, of the Second Division of Missouri Militia, has published an order calling upon all of the division to hold themselves in readiness for a summons.

☞ The Cadets at West Point, N. Y., when drilling with muskets on the plain, are in the habit of firing at a mark only 900 feet distant. Of course the quantity of powder used is small, the height of the lines must be well considered, or the shells might pass over the target into the river among the craft, or fall short and kill some of the soldiers on parade. A correspondent of the Courier says, that while the artillery are at their practising with guns the infantry are drilling exactly in front of the mortars, and all the shells pass directly over their heads.

☞ The first battalion of the 5th regiment of infantry, now on the march from the United States to Texas, has arrived in Cincinnati, consisting of companies D, H, E, F and H, with the Head Quarters of the regiment, and the staff officers. The regimental General George M Brooke. It numbers about 300 men.

☞ The Cadet Martial convened for the trial of Lieutenant Robert E. Johnson, of the Navy, is still in session at the Naval Asylum on the river Schuylkill. It will probably close its labors this week.

☞ Mr Mangle of was Savanna and Mr Mary arrived in Savannah on the 10th ult. Captain Ingram arrived same day, to relieve Captain Gerry, of the Somers.

☞ The Rev. Walter Colton, of the Navy, has been ordered to the United States Frigate Congress, during for his sea at Monterey, and destined to the Pacific.

☞ The Hon. W. Bartlett, of New York, and Gov. Todd, of Ohio, have been designated by the Secretary of War, under the order of the President, to examine into the mining operations in the region of Lake Superior, and the resources and arts of that agency, and to report to the department.

☞ Com. Conner was to have left Pensacola for Vera Cruz on the 23d, having shifted his broad pennant on board the steamer Mississippi. The broad pennant on board the steamer Mississippi. The broad pennant on board the Potomac has not yet been discovered.

☞ A Court of Enquiry is to be held at Baltimore, to report whether it is necessary to call a Court Martial, in the case of Lieutenant McLaughlin. The step is taken at his request.

☞ We understand, says the Newport (Rhode Island) Mercury, that the two companies of the First Artillery, at Fort Adams, are under orders to Texas, and will leave in a few days.

☞ The time is extended for receiving bids for work and for supplying materials for the Navy Yard, at Memphis, Tennessee, to the 10th day of October next.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.
NUMBER TWENTY.
THROUGH MAGDEBURG TO LEIPZIC—THE SCENES IN AND ABOUT LEIPZIC

Leipzic, May 8, 1845.

I have now been nearly two days in this wide-famed city, and the more I see of it the better I like it. It is a pleasant, flourishing place, and affords to be enjoyed, and is rich enough to be comfortable. There seems to be much active business life, and it is fast increasing in size. The place of its publishing establishments are the largest in the world, and its annual fairs attended by people from all parts of Germany. A great deal of its trade is situated alone in the middle of a great plain, with no natural charms of scenery or treasures of art to attract strangers. The energy and enterprise of its merchants have accomplished all this, and it now stands, in importance, among the first cities of Europe. Its present chief connection with Dresden, Berlin and Hanover, by means of the newly built railroads, will tend still more to its growth and advancement.

I had made arrangements to meet my friend who had taken another road, here, and I find that he is in town, but whether I met with obliged me to take the railroad at Halberstadt, to keep the appointment. I left at five o'clock Magdeburg, and after two hours' ride and dull, tiresome plain, rode along under the mounds and fortifications by the side of the Elbe, and enter of the old town. The train on Leipzic left in half hour for two or three hours, and I made use of the time in running around the city. It was not long, but the streets were full of stuff, and I contented myself with looking at the Broadway, (*der breite Weg*,) the Cathedral and one or two curious old churches, and walking along the parapet leading to the fortress, which has a view of the winding Elbe. There is very little about the city, that is new except in its historical recollections. It is still important through its fortifications, which, during the Thirty Years' War, resisted successfully, the attacks of Gustavus, the attacks of Wallenstein. It was, however, afterwards taken, and horribly ravaged by Tilly. The most interesting to me, from having visited the prison in which Baron Trenck was confined, whose narrative I had read years ago, when quite a child.

We were soon on the road to Leipzic. The way was over one great, uninteresting plain—a most monotonous country, even, than Belgium. Two of the passengers in the car with me were very much annoyed at being taken by the railway agents on Poles. Their movements were strictly watched by the gens d'arme at every station we passed, and they were not even allowed to get out of the car. Neither a branch track went off to Berlin. We passed by Halle without being able to see much of it, or its University, and arrived here in four hours after leaving Magdeburg.

In taking my first walk around the city yester-day morning, I came to the Augustus Platz, a magnificent square, on the side of which is the Augustus Haus, containing the picture gallery, and the new church, and a row of handsome buildings. Nearly opposite is the great stone edifice belonging to the Post Department, and the Leipzic Railroad Depot, the entirely around the city, on the site of its old fortifications, which are now a broad, grassy terrace, crossed in all directions with the public ways. On the left hand, is a little eminence shaded by trees, which has on it a monument erected somewhat to the author Gellert; it is of marble, and formerly stood over his ashes in the cemetery near. Following the course of the promenade through the city, I passed by large trees, and bordered with flowering shrubs. I passed a small but chaste monument to Sebastian Bach, the composer, which was erected about sixty by the private card of Mendelssohn, and stands in the Bachgasse, and a Bach street. Further on, I came to the cluster. As I was standing beside it, a glorious choral, swelled by a hundred voices, came through the open windows of the church, and filled the air of the great master. I kept on entirely around the city through these beautiful walks. In some places the trees were planted in double rows, and were under whose superintendence they were made. He well deserves it.

Having found my friend, we went together to the gives *Wirte*, or Observatory, which gives a very fine view of the country around the city, and on part to the battle field. The Castellan, who is the keeper, showed there, is well acquainted with the localities, and he pointed out the spot where the hostile armies. It was one of the most bloody and hard fought battles which history records. The army of Napoleon stretched from the extreme right of the southern and eastern sides of the city, and the plain beyond was occupied by the allies, whose forces were gathering for the approaching battle. The Austrians, came from Dresden; Bucher, from Halle with the Emperor Alexander. Their forces amounted to three hundred thousand men, while those of Napoleon ranked at one hundred and ninety-two thousand, and a half of these were raw recruits. Four days long, raged the battle, and the meeting of half a million of men in deadly conflict was accompanied by the thunders of two hundred cannon. The small rivers which flow through Leipzic were swollen with blood, and the vast plain was strewed with more than fifty thousand dead.

It is difficult to conceive of such slaughter, while looking at the quiet and tranquil landscape below. Napoleon stood on the ground of part ages, when acquiesce and passion led men to murder and destroy, than an event more than no longer than an opportunity ceased, and for the sake of humanity it is to be hoped that the world will never see such another.

There are many beautiful walks around Leipzic. We went yesterday afternoon with a few friends to the Rosenthal, a beautiful meadow, bordered by trees of the German oak, very fine, and the hostile trunks have been left standing. There are house cottages embowered in the foliage, where every Sunday afternoon the citizens resort to drink coffee, and enjoy a few hours' escape from the noisy and dusty streets. We can walk for miles along these lovely paths by the side of the river Elster, or along the banks of some shaded stream. We have also a fine public library, and a fine museum of art, in the second story of a little white house hangs the sign, "Schiller's Room." Some years ago, the citizens built a marble arch over the entrance, with the inscription above. "Here dwelt Schiller in 1785, and wrote his Hymn to Joy." The house where thought lived, the length of the branches of Schiller are sacred. In every city where he has been they show his dwelling. They know and love and reverence the spirit that has been with them. The little room where or conceived that sublime poem, seems hallowed as if by the presence of unseen spirits—it is a "Mecca of the mind."

I was ambitious to see the spot where Poniatowsky fell. We returned over the plain to the city gate, rang at the gate by which the Cossacks entered, passing the flying French. Crossing the lower part, we came to the little river Pleise, in whose waters the gallant prince sank. The stone bridge by which we crossed was blown up by the French, to cut off pursuit. Napoleon had given orders that it should not be blown up till the Poles had all passed over, and the river, therefore, is quite deep, and the banks are very steep. Nevertheless, his horse did not wait, and the Poles, thus exposed to the fire, were obliged to plunge into the stream to join the French army, which had begun the retreat towards Frankfort. Poniatowsky, severely wounded, made his way through a garden near, and encamped on horseback into the water. He became entangled among the fugitives and sank. By going a little distance along the road towards the Frankfort, I could see the spot where his body was taken out of the river; it is now marked by a square stone, covered with the names of his countrymen who have visited it. We returned through a narrow arched way, by which Napoleon had fled when the battle was lost.

Another interesting place in Leipzic is Auerbach's Cellar, which, it is said, contains an old manuscript history of Faust, through which Goethe derived the first idea of his poem. He used to frequent this cellar, and one of the scenes in "Faust" is laid in it. We looked down into the spiral staircase, and wishing to purchase any wine, could find no person here for entering. The streets are full of booksellers, and one half of the population of the inhabitants seems to consist in printing, paper-making and binding. The publishers have a handsome Exchange of their own, and during the Fairs the amount of business transacted is enormous. The establishment of Brockhaus is contained in an immense building, and occupies a large dwelling in the midst of magnificent gardens. He is the publisher of the "Illustrirte Zeitung." Part of Tocchin is not less celebrated. His edition of the classics, in particular, are the best that have ever been published, and he has lately commenced publishing a great number of English works, in a cheap form. Otto Wigand, who has also a large establishment, has begun to issue translations of American works. He has already published Prescott and Bancroft, and I believe intends giving out shortly, translations from some of our poets and novelists. I became acquainted at the Museum, with a young German author who had been some time in America, was well versed in our literature, and has lately translated one of Mrs. Seba Smith's novels, and intends to introduce some of our best writers to the works to the German public. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" have found their way here, and have my self been introduced to the best of I have met with many single persons in German, and the increasing importance of our literature will doubtless soon render it necessary. In my place in town many have I found more knowledge of our country, her men and her institutions, than in Leipzic, and I shall have seen few I would prefer as a place of residence. Its attractions lie not in its scenery but in the social and intellectual character of its citizens.

J. R. T.

MEXICAN GENERALS.

The following sketches of prominent Mexican Generals, possess much interest just now. We find the article in the Washington Union:

General Paredes was at or near Monterey when that head from the U. S. undoubtedly commenced—but—his rank is general of division, the highest grade in the Mexican service; and he is considered the most distinguished man of his grade. He commenced his services as lieutenant, under the old order of General Iturbide, one of the first Spanish rebels and purest patriots that the revolution produced. He subsequently served as colonel of the Celaya lancers, who formed the personal escort of that hero of Magdeburg, and after the fatal disaster, fled his right hand, and saved the life of his chief. After the execution of Morelos, he retired to the mountains, where, among incredible dangers and hardships, he concealed himself until Victoria proclaimed in favor or independence, when he immediately put himself at the head of the troops of the general, and contributed largely to securing that independence, which they have always themselves so capable of appreciating.

He has been several times elected governor of the State of Guadalajara, and his administration has always been characterized by great moderation, strict justice, and severe economy. As a military man, he is very popular with his soldiers. About three years since General Mortimosa pronounced against the government, and collected an army of three or four thousand men in the vicinity of San Luis Potosi. Paredes, who commanded for the government, having out reconnoitering with his staff and escort, encountered his antagonist, a short distance from the town, and a skirmish followed. Mortimosa, killing him in a personal encounter with his antagonist, and the latter fled in confusion.

He also put down General Bustamente, the head of the Federalists in Mexico, and has since several triumphed over Santa Ana, being the first person to proclaim the sovereignty of Guadalajara. Paredes is now about fifty years of age, and has always been a man of great energy. He resided in Philadelphia something like two years, having been expelled from the country.

General Don Mariano Arista, who commands the army of the north, was born in or near the city of Matamoros on the 12th, is about forty years of age. He is a citizen of Nuevo Leon, of which Monterey, the capital, is the principal city and seat of Matamoros. He is a powerful man, being upwards of six feet, not corpulent, but muscular. He has received the military pursuits, having large sugar plantations in the neighborhood, where he has successfully introduced all the recent improvements in sugar-making and cane-making.

Arista is considered by his countrymen as the most talented cavalry General that they have. He was formerly expelled from Mexico when Colonel Gorrido, Santa Anna, and Bustamente in Cincinnati with our resources, he applied himself to the tin and copper business. He is a Federalist, and has always shown to have been undiscoverable on the outside of the line.

A Paris letter says, that Gen. Tom Thumb and the Iowa Indians left Paris some time ago, the former with more gold than his purses could hold, and the latter with a change of ideas.

The Erie Gazette of August 28, says:—Mr. M. B. Lowry, on Saturday last, exercised a small piece of ordnance, belonging against the Erie Canal Company, in the round seam of $30,142 52.

Judge Jesse B. Thomas, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, has resigned his seat on that Bench. Governor Ford, of Peoria, has been appointed by Gov. Ford in his place.

Mr. J. W. Chessborough, formerly an extensive merchant in Cincinnati, died suddenly on the 16th inst. at the house of Mr. Wm. Smith, in Dorchester, Mass., of Dr. Gardner Chessborough, died on Thursday week.

Among the California delegation which left St. Louis a couple of weeks since, was Dr R. Semple, who stands six feet eight inches in his shoes!

Captain Gray, of the brig Agnes, tried at New Castle on a charge of being concerned in the slave trade, has been acquitted of the charge.

The Rev. T. H. Stockton, of this city, has been prescribed with great eloquence and much effect at Morgantown, Va.

Rev. Willard Child, of Norwich, has accepted the call of the First Congregational Church in Cohoes.

The health of the Hon. George McDuffie is greatly improved.

Miscellaneous News.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.—The annals of the Propagation of the Faith, published at Lyons, France, for the month of May last, reports that the receipts for the preceding year were 3,040,000 francs. There are missionary establishments in all parts of the world. The year ending May last, in round numbers, 680 in Europe, 344 in Asia, 100,000 Asiatic Christians, 200 in Africa, 100,000 in North and South America 1,130,000. The share of the United States including Texas was 171,140 francs, or $34,000. Of the Bishops in the Catholic Almanac, there are from 1,100, 000 to 1,050,000, Catholics in the United States and Territories. Of these, 675 churches, 593 priests, 574 clergymen otherwise employed; 22 ecclesiastical establishments; clerical students, 23 literary institutions, 53 female academies; and 55 charitable institutions.

The Postmaster General lately wrote to a Mississippian who had applied for a mail route to be established, that the Department had no power to contract for the conveyance of the mail in any other manner than in the usual way, by the lowest bidder. The Postmaster replied, complaining of the inconvenience and expense of this mode of conveyance, and suggesting the wagon-road, would have to pay—From Monterey to Matamoros, a short seven days more.

Personal News.

A VETERAN.

We find in the Norwich Eagle quite an interesting account of a veteran, who has gone to his rest. He was a German, named Peter Kiw, who died in Newark, at the age of ninety-nine, leaving a young widow and a child two years old. His devotion to liberty was pressed into the British service while living with his parents on his native land. He fought and every effort to procure his release—offering a substitute and $100 to the British officer to whom he was put off. When called on to swear allegiance to the British crown, he resolutely refused to comply, telling his oppressors that there was no power on earth that could compel him to offend to effect his escape. He was transported with others to this country at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, and was quartered in New York while the British had possession of the city. Being fully determined to redeem his pledge, he commenced his intention to a fellow-country man, who replied that he would accompany him. Kiw being an expert swimmer, and his friend ignorant of the art, he took him on his back, and with this load swam across the Hudson river, and both reached the shore in safety. He soon after entered the American Army as a drummer, and served to the end of the war. He removed from Mendham to Newark about two years ago, and was in the receipt of a pension of $96 per annum at the time of his death.

The New Haven papers announce the death of Judge Samuel J. Hitchcock, of that city, on Sunday evening last, at 6 o'clock, in the 65th year of his age. He graduated at Yale College in 1800, with the first honors of his class. He has filled several places of high trust. He has been for a long time a Trustee of the Connecticut Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and for many years a Trustee of the New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company. He was a Professor of the Yale Law School, of which he has had the principal management for the last twenty years, until the time of his death. The Church, the Bar, the Bench, the Professorship, the family circle, and the community in which he lived, have sustained a heavy loss in his death.

Harvard University Commencement was on Wednesday last. Wednesday morning one hundred degrees received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and twelve the degree of Master of Arts. The degree of M. D. was conferred on twenty-five candidates, and that of Bachelor of Laws on sixteen. Among those who received the degree of M. A., were Nathaniel Hall, Esq., of Dorchester, and Gorham Dummer Boardman, Esq., of Cambridge.

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The Rev. Daniel Marcellus Kurtz, who was a graduate of the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass., died at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 10th and 20th ult. The graduating class numbered 19. Rev. John O. Choules, late of New York, delivered the Address to the Graduating Class. Rev. J. N. Granger, of Providence, before the Missionary Society and Rev. J. W. Parker, of Cambridge, before the Education Society.

The York, Pa., papers announce the death of Dr. John Fisher, at the age of 80. Mr. Fisher was one of the gallant Maj. Heath's Volunteers, engaged in the defence of Baltimore in 1814. He was buried with military honors on Saturday last, by the Artillerists' and Rifle of that borough. He died from the effects of an accident he met with a few weeks since.

The 27th session of the Theological Seminary at Princeton commenced on Friday week, with a large number of new students. The number of students in the Seminary is greater at this time than for several years before. In the College the number of students (eighty-seven) is greater than for several years past.

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Personal News.

A VETERAN.

We find in the Norwich Eagle quite an interesting account of a veteran, who has gone to his rest. He was a German, named Peter Kiw, who died in Newark, at the age of ninety-nine, leaving a young widow and a child two years old. His devotion to liberty was pressed into the British service while living with his parents on his native land. He fought and every effort to procure his release—offering a substitute and $100 to the British officer to whom he was put off. When called on to swear allegiance to the British crown, he resolutely refused to comply, telling his oppressors that there was no power on earth that could compel him to offend to effect his escape. He was transported with others to this country at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, and was quartered in New York while the British had possession of the city. Being fully determined to redeem his pledge, he commenced his intention to a fellow-country man, who replied that he would accompany him. Kiw being an expert swimmer, and his friend ignorant of the art, he took him on his back, and with this load swam across the Hudson river, and both reached the shore in safety. He soon after entered the American Army as a drummer, and served to the end of the war. He removed from Mendham to Newark about two years ago, and was in the receipt of a pension of $96 per annum at the time of his death.

The New Haven papers announce the death of Judge Samuel J. Hitchcock, of that city, on Sunday evening last, at 6 o'clock, in the 65th year of his age. He graduated at Yale College in 1800, with the first honors of his class. He has filled several places of high trust. He has been for a long time a Trustee of the Connecticut Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and for many years a Trustee of the New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company. He was a Professor of the Yale Law School, of which he has had the principal management for the last twenty years, until the time of his death. The Church, the Bar, the Bench, the Professorship, the family circle, and the community in which he lived, have sustained a heavy loss in his death.

☞ Harvard University Commencement was on Wednesday last. Wednesday morning one hundred degrees received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and twelve the degree of Master of Arts. The degree of M. D. was conferred on twenty-five candidates, and that of Bachelor of Laws on sixteen. Among those who received the degree of M. A., were Nathaniel Hall, Esq., of Dorchester, and Gorham Dummer Boardman, Esq., of Cambridge.

The Rev. Daniel Marcellus Kurtz, who was a graduate of the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass., died at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 10th and 20th ult. The graduating class numbered 19. Rev. John O. Choules, late of New York, delivered the Address to the Graduating Class. Rev. J. N. Granger, of Providence, before the Missionary Society and Rev. J. W. Parker, of Cambridge, before the Education Society.

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The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

450 shares Wilmington & R. R.		14½
203 do. Girard Bank,		81⅝
11 do. Bank of N. A.		97
11 do. Northern Bank of Kentucky,		49½
100 do. Farmers' & Mech. Bank,		97
$2000 Wilmington R.R. 6's, 1870,		87½
$1000 Penna. 6's, 1854,		97½
$1000 Reading R. R. Bonds,		90
$1000 do. do.		87½
$1000 do. do.		87½
$2000 Illinois Bonds (special) bbl		40
$1000 Reading R. R. Bonds, 6's sec		87½
$1000 do.		87½
$1000 State 5's,		87½
$1000 do 5's		87½
$1000 do. do.		87½

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—Remains dull at $3.75@3.81 *Bard*—Nothing doing. *Beeswax*—Yellow is in demand at 23c. Coffee—The sale stock of Jamaicas sold at 7½. Coffee—The sale stock of Jamaicas sold at 7½. Cotton—The sales of the week embrace an entire cargo of Rio 10,00 bags Laguayra, some sac prime, 1200 bags from store bought 7½@7½c; 400 bags Maracaibo, 7½; 1000 bags Cuba to go coast at 6c; and 50 bales on time, for interior to ordinary quality. *Corn Meal*—The market has not varied, and there is but little disposition from spinners to operate unless at a decline. Sales of Pennsylvania at $3.12½, and Brandywine at $3.18 at which 200 bales taken in lots and at irregular prices. *Flour and Meal*—The receipts of Flour continue to increase, and for export and for speculation, on the usual terms. *Flour*—Nothing doing in lastage. *Flour*—The receipts and sales have been small, and only a few lots were taken from the wharf mostly on private terms. Sales of 400 bbls at $5.75 for Penna. and Ohio, and $5.87½ for Va., and $5.75 for No, an invoice of the latter sold on

Selected Poetry.

FROM UNCLE ANTHONY.

THE BEATEN PATH.

BY L. A. CHIT.

"Why are there so many songs about rivers and streams?"—Inquire of Anybody.

I.

THAT BEATEN PATH! THAT BEATEN PATH!
It needs to be trod
By the weary and ill-at-ease,
By the sad and the sick of heart,
By the dizzy and worn and tired,
By the cold and the numb, and the chilled,
Ready to start, and ready to stop,
And many a twisted step, or slow,
Or backward one, or forward one,
Has made it more beaten than ever before.
Have Coldwell's mirth and Verdi's glad shout
Been heard in sorrow and grief?
Oh, gentle Weber, Spohr, and Bach,
And Mozart, and Handel, and Haydn!
And Mendel's more prolonged lament,
A weightier song upon a pinnacle,
And many pathetic songs, where,
Here, yet, nevermore, alone
Heard by beloved hands, in chorus
Three-score-and-ten prepared to go,
Or by a precious one, or two,
To sing in stops with God!

II.

You'd then pardon smiling her,
Just enough for decency, or two!
With what vague, yearning joy—
Unconscious of the future—
Did she turn to be rejected
By her first wish-breathed wings;
Fainting over a fledgling,
Or sitting then with sober pace,
And, may be, with a subdued tear,
Casting down its wounded form,
With quiet contrition,
On the grassy margin, green
With the dews of May, or June,
Or with the cricket, where, a child,
Tender in feet, with narrow wind,
Or in that which he followed,
Oh, in manhood's darker day,
When he, grown strong, found
Gladly would he wait to lay
Oh the rare-hearing down
Needs in grassy turf for eye!

III.

Ring out! Ring out! A joyous shout
For the fair and gifted one!
Make room! and room! for the gallant Crown
In his dashing and rosy cheek!
For his Bridal's here—the pride and word
Of the land and the sea!
And worthy he of his Bride!
The favour of England's fair!
Ring out! Ring out! A welcome shout!
Let Vassal to Vassall call,
Each earnest girl, in their way,
Attend in the nearest Hall!
For the Bridal that is to be soon,
And the Lord of that Hall doth come,
By that PATH where'e'er it may be wandered in
Or
He Draweth his fair Bride home!

IV.

A hall!—A and and a muffled veil
Of the dim Cloudwall, or a parted veil!
The Child that in after a-re that pathway sped—
The Youth that a journey and mastered well—
The Aged Lord of the Cloud to dwell!
Hath rested his body a hundred years,
And now he lies on the Castle gate
Had he conscience, or assembly view,
Upon THAT BEATEN PATH they go—
That path which they now bear him—dead!
That path which they now bear him—dead!
From they were as per Churchyard's dust
And now—in funeral—the pathway o'er,
THAT BEATEN PATH HE WILL PASS no more!

Domestic Sketches.

WINTER IN CEDARVILLE.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

"Is he handsome?" "Old!" "Young?" "Married?" "Single?" "Is he a Collegian?" "A Doctor?" "A Lawyer?" "A Student at Divinity?" "Is he tall?" "Short?" "Stout-built?" "Needy?" "Learned?" "Is he—"

Here the queries talked so fast and so confusedly, that it is impossible to transfer their questions to paper. Mr. Pimento, who had just stalked into the room, in all the dignities perhaps we should say, in all the dignities, of Chairman of the Selectmen, Chairman of the School Committee of the Board of Health, of the Overseers of the Poor, and of the Assessors, was dumbfounded. Five more of the dear matrons bound the bonnets of the city of the seven hills, women have been curious upon the gravest topics of deliberative assemblies. We say our assertion that women were not curious before Eve had killed Kenson for jumping over a mud wall, but before the instance above cited is one of the few authentic ones on record. It was known in the quiet village of Cedarville, that a committee meeting was to be held on the afternoon of the 25th of October 18—, for the selection and engagement of a school master. On the same afternoon, the date was ordered it, that Mrs. Pimento invited some score of her female friends, married and unmarried, to make way with her husband's Young Hyson. When that Circle-Queen came into the meeting he was assailed, as we have seen, by the women, who, whatever be their usual development of the organ of veneration, certainly venture upon most hilarious visits of inquisition, than the other ever dare indulge in. We shall here leave Mr. Pimento, to answer the questions of his wife's friends as best he may, and go back to the meeting of the Committee.

Each of the Boards for the management of the municipal affairs of Cedarville, acted unanimously as "one unit." As we have nothing to do with any branch of the government but the school-committee, our readers may take that as an example. *Important*, then, there was the Chairman. Mr. Pimento, elected to the School Committee on the strength of his whole hearts, and his comfortable property. He (after being proof-structure) that he was excellent at a bargain, and would, of course, provide economically for the education of the youth of Cedarville. He was further sure of a majority of votes for any office in the gift of the people, because he had either mortgages on half the estates in the village, or running accounts against their proprietors. Their sufferings were *free* certainly, for the editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser maintained (as in an editorial article a column long, which contained only that one idea. And who shall gainsay the assertions of a newspaper editor? Editors are infallible—therefore it is plain, that although the presentation of an inconvenient account, or the immediate and inevitable foreclosing of a mortgage was the consequence of a vote against Mr. Pimento, the suffrages of the voters of Cedarville were free nevertheless.

Second on the board was the Rev. Mr. Meanin. Mr. Meanin was on the daily habit of receiving little presents from, and in the weekly habit of fasting with, Mr. Pimento. The first was our old friend the editor of the Advertiser. Mr. Pimento took his paper, and drew more pay therefor, which brought the editor abnormal one hundred and ninety-eight dollars in debt on the first day of January annually, the price of the paper being declared to be two dollars. The fourth on the board was mortgaged to Pimento, house and land. It is easy to see why Mr. Meanin stood as he did, and its votes unanimous. The first candidate on the list for the vacant berth of schoolmaster, was Mr. Dilworth Avidence, who passed the ordeal of Mr. Pimento's examination as follows:

"You're a young man, Mr. Avidence?"

"Twenty-five."

"Born on New England ground? Take it?"

"Yes sir."

"College larnt?"

"Yes sir."

"What profession—"

Persuasion, in New England means religious belief. Avidence knew that his late despoiled parish his answer, but he knew nothing of the religious sentiments of his examiner. Forces hesitated and helped him at a pinch, and his reply would not have disappointed the longest oracle he being capable of any interpretation.

"The religion of our fathers."

Hem-em. You say you are college larnt. Be you practical?—good or bad?

"Yes sir."

"What books do you use?" (Pimento had a pile of school books on hand.)

"What the Committee direct."

Hem—what'll you teach for?"

"What the town has been in the habit of paying."

"Hope you pretty generally enjoy good health.

"Yes sir, I always enjoy good health."

"Got a recommend?"

"Yes sir."

Very well. Mr. Avidence, you may go out a few minutes."

Mr. Pimento wiped and adjusted his spectacles, and spelled out a certificate of some town, in the incredibly short space of five minutes. "Amen-em-em," said he, and both of his spectacles fell down (here he rose.) I think the master went through his examination with a great deal of dispatch and accuracy. It appears to me, sir, that we have a very promising young man before us, and I, for one, I connect we can't do better than to hire him to-day. He is orthodox in morals, and will be a great addition to the singin seats, Sundays. Then he don't get no new-fangled notions about books and sich into debt, and we don't lose no time by his bein sick. He answered very correctly—as well as I could hear some myself—for I'm ready to hear him. Hi-em-em. What do you say, gentlemen, shall we take him without further further?"

The vote was unanimous, of course, and Mr. Avidence was called in and engaged [we dare not say upon what terms lest it should cause a shade of doubt to rest on our veracity]. Mr. Editor, then in the hope of securing a correspondent to the Advertiser, wrote the above schoolmaster account about town, and Mr. Pimento invited the two men of letters to call at his house in the evening.

Now, if you please, reader, we will slip back to Mr. Pimento's. The party had come to the usual thrice attacks upon their host, when, to the infinite relief of that worthy, the bell was pulled, and Mr. Editor announced Mr. Dilworth Avidence, introducing him to each person present, in succession. There is no describing the sensation that is created in a country village by the arrival of a young—(when a boy pretty—unmarried—pedagogue. The village belles drew silence comparisons between the elegant exterior and fine conduct—indigenous to the soil—of the village brand identity owner hereditary *genius* scribe of the inner corner. The currency of associations being over, Mr. Editor, who officiated as master-spirit—a long quadrille—of the line, entertained him—and then himself took a seat by his side, and the ladies compressed themselves in their chairs again. One who had a pretty foot, managed to protrude it a little beyond her gown,—another with a cross-like neck, set a model for a gossamer—a back of another who had a delightfully taper waist, seemed to have thrown out all superfluities with the back of her chair,—a tremendous India carved comb, which had strayed to Cedarville, came under the superintendence of the brown upon which he wrote—and then were observed the last flourish of the pen-knife in Cedarville to manufacture quills.

The Old World.

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WILLIS'S LETTERS.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

Talks talk and the critics—Mr. Colman, the agricultural farmer—Mayor Jack Downing—Taglioni's farewell at Vienna—Fanny Kemble—Mr. Sotheby—Lady Jersey and Lady Villiers—Lady Morgan—Sir Lapsil Jacobite.

MY DEAR MORRIS:—I could copy a new leaf from my memorandum that would be very interesting to you. I dined yesterday in a party of admirable talkers, and heard much that I shall remember. But though the brilliant talk of conversation is the even quantity of wood. Mr. Pimento proudly regarded the workmen's mischievous attempts at carving of his own creation; and, as they sat in silence all, debated with himself how far the privilege of the man who kept a room full of women silent, would have the same desirable effect upon Mrs. Pimento, if he engaged him as a boarder. The ores was not broken till past at the moment the party broke up, when Messrs. the Editor and Schoolmaster shouted again of cordial invitation, and a critical discussion upon the merits of Perry's Spelling-Book. Nothing remarkable occurred at the chairing and handing, except that Mr. Avidence offered his services to see no home—and that Mrs. Pimento got one more surmarried lady than he would have done by being gallant. And so they separated, the man who kept a room full of women silent, would have the same desirable effect upon Mrs. Pimento, if he engaged him as a boarder. The ores was not broken till past at the moment the party broke up, when Messrs. the Editor and Schoolmaster shouted again of cordial invitation, and a critical discussion upon the merits of Perry's Spelling-Book. Nothing remarkable occurred at the chairing and handing, except that Mr. Avidence offered his services to see no home—and that Mrs. Pimento got one more surmarried lady than he would have done by being gallant. And so they separated.

The next day a portion of their palaver burst, and mounting the bellies, as they walked home together, Mr. Avidence heard how the gentleman of